

Secret Love

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Summary: But this is SECRET! My love for him is still secret. I wonder when will he realize we should be together. He might not be mine now; but one day he will be. Mine. Only Mine. Because being his friend is not what I planned for. My Secret Love is pretty intense and we will be together if we are meant to be. New OS. [IMAGINE YOUR OWN COUPLE]. First try on this kind.

Secret Love

****A/N: **Heyyo Lovlies! Trying something new. An OS.**

****Disclaimer:**** Not my brainchild as a whole. **_**Some of the parts**_** are adaption of a post with proper consent from the writer.

Imagine your own couple_, if it is what, can be said_.

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><p>Secret Love

****Her P.O.V:****

It's always pleasure to see him stroll right in front of me. Making me breathless whilst greeting me every morning. He always has this effect on me. I crave to see those legs walking towards me. I desperately need to be in those perfectly suited arms.

But when I look into his eyes, those silent eyes with no excitement of seeing me, I realise where I stand in his life. Those are the first eyes I believe which are as cold as Antarctica greeting me and sending chill inside my body. But this stupid little organ located in

the middle compartment of the mediastinum, that pumps blood, wants to break all the invisible barriers he have created around him. This stupid organ, named heart.

Damn, I wonder how he can shift me from my place just with his presence.

His sense of comfort around me makes me really uncomfortable. Maybe that's the way he is or maybe that's the way I prefer him. I try making sense out of his words but then lost in his hand movement. I know I might sound creepy but his hands are artistic. They narrate story when he talk and what he talks.

ClickÃ©!

I love the moment when his lashes rush to touch each other and way his lips curl when he realize me making faces. I stare at him, at his lips to be honest, when he speaks. Those saccharine sweet, lilac soft lips I want to feel on mine's. But I look away, so that my eyes don't show affection. He loves to talk, he really does. He talks about everything humanly possible. He talks about cases, evidences, clues, foods, brands, cars and places.

He smiles in a way that I have to struggle for air and it takes a whole lot effort to take my gaze away from his face. And ohh! His smile, astoundingly beautiful and I realize I miss those beautiful features. I want to hug him when he get excited about things and really hold for longest time possible. I want to comfort him when gets frustrated, when his informers fail to provide anything. I want him to look for me when he gets hurt, to get his first aid done.

His smell, of wild raspberry, is intoxicating and jeez!it has mighty fine effect on me. Whenever we rush for our formal hug, I desperately want to be in those arms for little long but I am also aware that I cannot. I cannot hold his hands and walk around, I cannot see in his eyes as much as I wish to, I cannot feel his lips on mine and his warmth. Goddamâ€¦|.

I have never wanted anything as much as I want him, to break the spell and free me from friend zone. It hurts to be able to be beside him and know every single detail about him but not being able to be called his lady.

I love his love for junk food, food that taste weird and his random cravings for Nutella and apples and grapes.

I keep staring at his face for longest time possible when he explains why he couldn't join me on time. I feel shy for the possibly first time when he laughs out loud for mustache that forms around my lips, _Thanks to Java for extra whipped cream Mocha!_ He then slowly shift his body and lean towards me to remove whipped cream from my cup after knowing i am allergic to it and his satisfied expression are million dollar worthy. Trust me, I would rather lose my voice and order same mocha to see those expression again.

He is everything I could ever ask for, my Prince Charming, my healing therapy, my Mr. Senior who make me feel worthy, who keep on repeating that I am fabulous, who support me on my bad days, who push me every morning to workout, who keep on sharing me stories about books, who is passionate about books (_though we read complete opposite genre_)

, who watch romantic movies with me, though it is not his favourite. Laugh with me at stupid jokes and smiles at me when I cry after watching emotional movies.

Our compatibility is 101 and I know we will make fantastic couple. I have already planned our wedding theme, our yearly vacation for coming years and how we will make the most adorable couple.

But this is SECRET! My love for him is still secret and I wonder when will he realize we should be together making everyone appreciate our love for each-other. He might not be mine now but he will be. Being his friend is not what I planned when we met for the first time.

It's funny. Because we're not together. we're not in love. But one day I believe. I believe I will win his heart. I will be his and he will be mine. Only mine!

A day in thousand years will come, when I will make him a cup of tea or brewing coffee when he returns home after a long day at work.

I will give him a head massage, when he will complain me about having a headache.

I will make him chapattis, and he will laugh at the shape of them. While I make faces, he will just kiss at top of my head and my anger will disappear.

We will go on a long drive, sing aloud random songs.

This is all I dream of! I know, I could go seven hells and back, just to be with him. Near him.

I know something is stopping us and I am okay! My ****Secret Love**** is pretty intense and we will be together if we are meant to be.

* * *

><p>An****:** Other updates on their way. Tell me how was it.

No Proofreading done yet

P.S: I am loving the cover I made for this. lol!

End
file.